ſtrew'd, cobwebs ſwept the ſeruingmen in their new fuſtion, th
white ſtockings, and euery officer his wedding garment on? B
the Iackes faine within, the Gils faire without, the Carpets laid
and euery thing in order?

Cur. All ready: and therefore I pray thee newes.

Gru. Firſt know my horſe is tired, my maſter and miſtris fal
out. *Cur.* How?

Gru. Out of their ſaddles into the durt, and thereby hangs
tale.

Cur. Let's ha't good *Grumio*.

Gru. Lend thine eare.

Cur. Heere.

Gru. There.

Cur. This 'tis to feele a tale, not to heare a tale.

Gru. And therefore 'tis cal'd a ſenſible tale: and this Cu
was but to knocke at your eare, and beſeech liſtning: now I beg
Inprimis we came downe a foule hill, my Maſter riding behin
my Miſtris.

Cur. Both of one horſe?

Gru. What's that to thee?

Cur. Why a horſe.

Gru. Tell thou the tale: but hadſt thou not croſt me, tho
ſhouldſt haue heard how her horſe fell, and ſhe vnder her horſ
thou ſhouldſt haue heard in how miery a place, how ſhe was bo
moil'd, how he left her with the horſe vpon her, how he bes
me becauſe her horſe ſtumbled, how ſhe waded through the d
to plucke him off me: how he ſwore, how ſhe prai'd, that ne
prai'd before: how I cried, how the horſes ranne away, how
bridle was burſt: how I loſt my crupper, with many things
worthy memorie, which now ſhall die in obliuion, and thou
turne vnexperienc'd to the graue.

Cur. By this reckning he more ſhrew than ſhe.

Gru. I, and that thou and the proudeſt of you all ſhall find
when he comes home. But what talke I of this? Call forth *Na*
thaniell, Ioſeph, Nicholas, Phillip, Walter, Sugerſop and the
let their heads bee ſlickely comb'd, their blew coats bruſh'd, a
their garters of an indifferent knit, let them curtſie with their
legges, and not preſume to touch a haire of my Maſters horſe. ta
till they kiſſe their hands. Are they all readie?

Cur. They are.

Gru. Call them forth.

Cur. Doe you heare ho? you
tenance my miſtris.

Gru. Why ſhe hath a face of
Cur. Who knowes not that?

Gru. Thou it ſeemes, that cal
her.

Cur. I call them forth to cred
Enter foure or fiue

Gru. Why ſhe comes to borro
Nat. Welcome home *Grum*
Phil. How now *Grumio*.
Ioſ. What *Grumio*.
Nick. Fellow *Grumio*.
Nat. How now old lad.

Gru. Welcome you: how no
and thus much for greeting. N
readie, and all things neate?

Nat. All things is readie, h
Gre. E'ne at hand, alighted b
Cockes paſſion, ſilence, I heere

Enter Petruchio a

Pet. Where be theſe knaues?
To hold my ſtirrop, nor to take
Where is *Nathaniell, Gregory*,

All ſer. Heere, heere ſir, heer
Pet. Heere ſir, heere ſir, heer
You logger-headed and vnpolli
What? no attendants? no regar
Where is the fooliſh knaue I ſe

Gru. Heere ſir, as fooliſh as I
Pet. You pezant, ſwaine, yo
Did I not bid thee meete me in
And bring along theſe raſcall kn
Grumio. Nathaniels coat ſir
And *Gabriels* pumpes, were all
There was no Linke to colour